

17
A Penny-worth of good Counsell.

To Widdowes, and to Maides,
this Counsell I send free;
And let them looke before they leape,
or, that they married bee.

To the tune of *Dulcima*.



Of late it was my chance to walke
for recreation in the Spring,
Where as the feathered Nutcrackers,
melodiously aloud did sing;
and at that tide,
I there espide,
A woman faire, her hands late working;
she wept apace,
and cry'd, alas;
My Husband hath no fore-cast in him.

Quoth she, when as I was a Maiden,
I had store of Suiters hyde,
And I most coyly did reject them,
to take the man that now I have;
but woe is me,
that ere I see
The face of him, makes me thus singing,
most heavily
I sing, and cry,
My Husband hath no fore-cast in him.

His flattering tongue it did bewitch me,
faire promises to me he gave,
And said I should have all things plenty,
but no such thing I'm sure I have;
his purse is light,
nothing is right,
Although a portion I did bring him;
aye me worse soule,
thus to console,
My Husband hath no fore-cast in him.

He's not the man I took him for,
alas, who would he so much tye?
I tell you friends now seriously,
my Husband he doth nought but chide:
his looks are frowne,
and he doth loathe;
For Nature no good parts hath gi'n him:
For which I grieve,
You may believe,
My Husband hath no fore-cast in him.

When as he was a Batcheler,
then who but he amongst the Maides:
He went most neat in his apparell;
but now I finde his glozy fades:
so since he went,
would give content,
To any Maiden that could win him,
he'd dance, and sing,
wrestle and ring;
But now he hath no fore-cast in him.

Some open unto their Wives are loving,
and all content to them doe give;
But mine is lumpish sad and heavy,
which is the cause wherefore I grieve:
if I prove kind,
some fault he'll finde, (him;
And sayes he knowes where his thore lyings
in darke, or light,
by day, or night,
My Husband hath no fore-cast in him.

45. 6. 28. 344.

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The second Part, To the same tune.



He keeps me short of every thing,
no money he will give or lend;
'Tis fitting sometimes that a woman
should with a friend some money spend:
I must sit here,
with heavy chere,
Although that I did something bring him;
which makes me thus
to cry, alas,
My Husband hath no fore-cast in him.

He doth not use me like a Woman,
and doth not care what clothes I have.
When other mens wives wear each fashion,
and are maintained rich and brave;
thus to the wall,
I may console,
Although that this same song I sing him:
some counsel give,
me to relieve;
My Husband hath no fore-cast in him.

Eringo-roots I doe provide him,
which Catwales made of Puscabine,
Pea, Harrow-bones and Wyter-pyes,
which all are dishes good and fine:
and Lobsters great,
for him to eat,
And yolks of Eggs; these have I gin him:
doe what I can,
yet this same man
By no means will have fore-cast in him.

He will not have me goe abroad,
yet seldome is himselfe at home;
He saith that I must be a House-wife,
I must not lye abroad and come:

When other Wives,
doe lead brave lives,
They'l goe to Playes, heare Fiddlers singing,
and spend their Coyne,
at Ale or Wine;
My Husband hath no fore-cast in him.

Thus like the Turtle I sit mouching,
because I have an unkind Mate;
And sicke Fortune on me scowleth,
it is my destiny and fate:
I hope he'l mend,
and be more kinde,
With sweet embraces I will cling him;
He speake him faire
to have more care;
That he may have more fore-cast in him;

But if I see hee will not mend,
come tell me Widdow, Widow, or Wife;
What shall I doe in this same case:
for I am weary of this life:
my tongue Ile tune,
It shall chime noone,
And in his eares a peale Ile ring him;
I am put too't
and I will doe't,
Because he hath no fore-cast in him.

FINIS. M. P. K